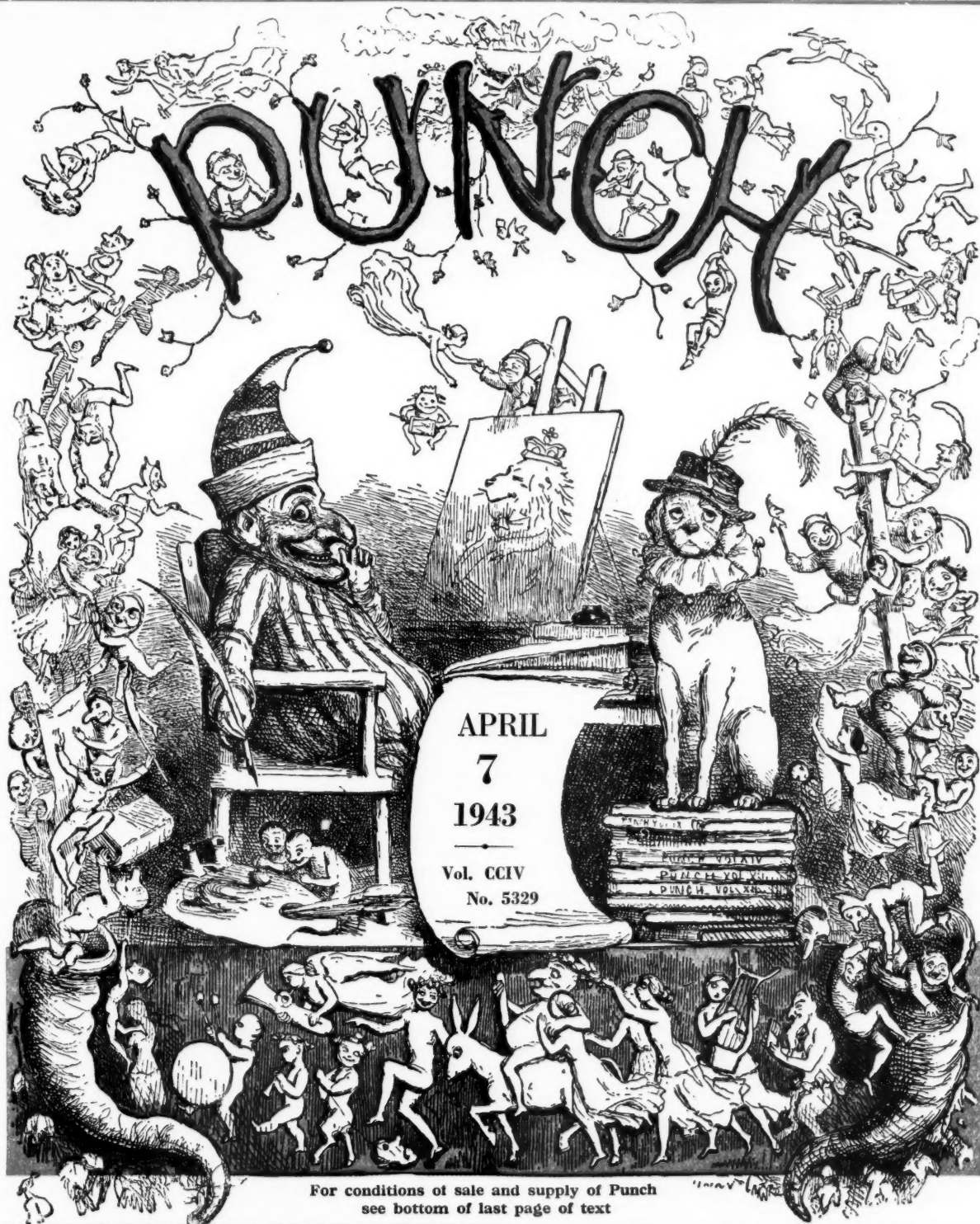


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DUNLOP



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HOURS of strain, cold and danger over hostile country, narrow escapes from disaster, grim struggles, perhaps to bring home a damaged plane . . . these things are faced cheerfully and as a matter of course on your behalf. Will you not help to ensure that as the machines land on the aerodrome there shall be a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen drawn up ready on the tarmac to welcome the men with hot drinks and food, with a smile and a cheery word? The Y.M.C.A. serves the R.A.F. just as it serves the men of the Navy and the Army, at or near

their posts of duty. In camps, garrison towns and ports, in forward fighting areas, in lonely outposts and gun positions the Y.M.C.A. is to be found. Every sailor, soldier and airman knows he will find rest, relaxation and recreation for both mind and body wherever the Y.M.C.A. red triangle is displayed.

This great service to our fighting men costs money. More money is urgently needed now. Will you not help? Please send your contribution to the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund to-day—as much as you can spare.

THE SERVICES TO-DAY NEED THE **Y.M.C.A.**



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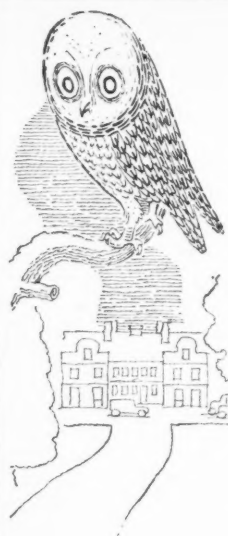
(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940).

President: The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B.

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Please send your contribution to the National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund, 112, Great Russell Street, London. W.C.1, or 10, Palmerston Place, Edinburgh, 12, enclosing a note of your name (and title) and address, so that your contribution may be acknowledged.

The Y.M.C.A. would appreciate it if you would mention "Punch" in your note.



"Things aren't the same since the Military took over the place," says Oswald the Owl. "There was only the Master's car then . . . now it's trucks and carriers up and down my drive night and day. Yet the surface is as good as ever. The Master knew a thing or two when he had it done with Colas." When Peace returns to the Gardens of the world, there will be Colas products again to make paths and drives trim and durable.

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"Truth lies at the bottom of a well," said a philosopher, but this is only half a truth.

Truth may be a living thing both in our ordinary and business life, for a sincere attachment to truth, modern and scientific, is a sure bulwark for the mind.

The habit of truth makes a man exact in all his relations with his fellow men. His word is his bond. It means that in business the thing he sells is exactly what he says it is without equivocation.

The great businesses do not exist merely for the sake of selling something; there is in business something more than mere commercialism.

As in art, the greatest work in business is never done for money alone. The Chatwood Security stands for truth. It is exactly what we say it is. It is not offered on a price competitive basis, but to those who desire to have the best. We refuse business offered at a price which would require us to lower our standard of craftsmanship. J.E.S.

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"ACHIEVEMENT IS BUT ANOTHER MILESTONE ALONG THE HIGHWAY OF PROGRESS—THE END OF THE JOURNEY LIES EVER BEYOND."

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P.S. Please make use of our Renovation and Repair Service and be as helpful as you can by returning empty Sparklets Bulbs to your supplier — Allowance: "C" size 4d. dozen; "B" size 2d. dozen.

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Yorkshire Relish

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It's the latest and the most comprehensive flying suit yet evolved — as near to perfection as we can get it.

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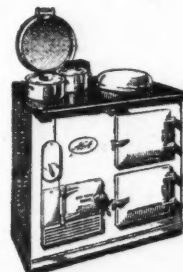
Brace up your TAYLORSUIT (officially known as . . . SUIT BUOYANT). Make the braces carry the weight and you'll be surprised at the difference in comfort.

A booklet describing the Taylor-suit (officially SUIT BUOYANT) and its electric heating, buoyancy, fire resistance, quickness of removal, may be obtained from the manufacturers, who would post it to you "care of" your Station Adjutant. The Taylorsuit incorporates features covered by Irvin Patent No. 407445 and others.

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*My
kitchen's
as clean
as
the lounge*



*I've
got an*

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Regd. Trade Mark

The Aga Cooker is guaranteed not to exceed a stated annual fuel consumption; needs attention only once in 12 hours; is always ready, night and day; preserves the juices and nourishment in food.

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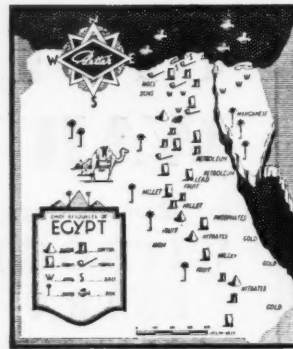


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RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT

A R.A.F. photographer making one of photography's many contributions to the War effort. Miles of film are needed for super cameras like his. With photography mobilized for war, don't blame your dealer if he says "Sold out of Selo"! Claims of the Services, Industry, Medicine and Science come first. After Victory, Selo films will be plentiful again—faster and better than ever. Till then our chief task must be **SERVICING THE WAR.**



The ILFORD Roll Film

ILFORD Limited, the largest British Manufacturers of Photographic and X-ray Materials

A Proven Sound Investment

THOSE men who paid themselves the compliment of buying a *Shanks Mower* have cause for self-congratulation to-day. *Shanks Mowers* whether Hand or Motor driven are designed essentially to give years of service and the material and workmanship in each and every one are of the highest class. For over a century the standard of quality has not varied and when peace is with us again the same standard will be fully maintained. Production for the time is being suspended. But the day will come when those of us not already fortunate in owning a *Shanks* will be able to acquire this finest of mowers.



ALEXANDER SHANKS & SON LIMITED, 66 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



A NOBLE SCOTCH—GENTLE AS A LAMB

Chosen for years by Connoisseurs

OLDEST INHABITANT of the Shoe Cupboard

MANY a pair of suede shoes has earned this honourable title through the regular application of Meltonian Suede Cleaner. To-day it's a duty, as well as sound sense, to make all shoes stay young longer. Your suede shoes at any rate can look forward to a long and useful life—kept soft and supple and free from shiny spots—by treating them to Meltonian Suede Cleaner.

Meltonian
SUEDE CLEANER

Use
Meltonian White Cream
for polished leather
of any colour



*Since the Battle
of the Nile*

WHEN the battle of the Nile was fought, Schweppes Table Waters were on the high road to fame. Now, after 150 years, to assist the war effort, they are replaced by standard Table Waters, supplied under a National label. Victory will bring the return of

Schweppes

Table Waters

FEEDING ANYWHERE TO-NIGHT?



"Why not come round to my place. We've got some 'Chappie'... Yes, I thought that would make your mouth water."



There are two kinds of dogs today: Those who enjoy their fair share of the very limited supplies of "Chappie" which are available: those who don't. The lucky ones belong to people who are old "Chappie" customers, to whom in all fairness the sale of "Chappie" must be restricted.

"Chappie" is the complete,

SAVE BONES FOR SALVAGE BONES—even those your dog has done with—are vital to the war effort. Salvage every scrap and put out for collection.

scientifically-balanced, all-round diet for dogs. They love it. And vets and breeders agree that it keeps them fit and happy.

If your dog is not one of the lucky ones now, resolve that, when the war is over and full supplies of "Chappie" are available again, you will never feed him on anything else.



In air-tight jars, tins.

"CHAPPIE"

DOG FOOD



Yes, especially these days!
How do you mean?

I usually leave my dentures in 'Steradent' overnight—but if there's an air-raid warning 20 minutes in 'Steradent' in the morning cleans them beautifully.

But does that really remove the film?

Of course it does!

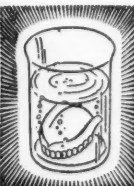
Good! From now on 'Steradent' does my teeth, too!

Why not get a tin from the chemist?

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Directions: Half tumbler of warm water. Add 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under tap.



PYORRHOEA!
4 OUT OF 5 MAY BE VICTIMS

**SORE GUMS
TENDER GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS**

Tender, bleeding gums are danger signs, which neglected, lead to gum disease (Pyorrhoea). Forhans will eradicate these gum affections—used in time, prevent them altogether. Thousands of dentists use Forhans Anti-pyorrhoea Astringent. Thousands of them recommend Forhans Brand Special Formula Dentifrice containing Forhans Anti-pyorrhoea Astringent. Don't let pyorrhoea claim you as a victim. See your dentist, and start using Forhans today! In three sizes.

Only FORHANS Brand contains the "special formula" Anti-Pyorrhoea Astringent.



"JUST BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"...

ON SALE ALL OVER THE WORLD



Specify
REDI-BILT INTERLININGS

LOOK FOR
THIS SEAL
ON YOUR
NEXT SUIT

**AND KEEP
YOUR SUIT
IN BETTER
SHAPE**

When this seal is fixed in the lapel of the jacket you can be sure that no finer interlinings can be used.

Cephos *The safe & certain remedy*
FOR HEADACHE

Romantic Smokers



Smoking figured prominently in the old yellowback novels. Whenever the hero faced a difficult situation, he 'calmly lit a cigarette'. When the villain was foiled in his schemings, he 'flung away his cigar with

a muttered curse'. And no Bohemian character was complete without the pipe from which he 'puffed great clouds of smoke'.

In those days, Rothmans of Pall Mall was already recognised as the headquarters of good smoking. And today we have a highly efficient Postal Despatch Service for the added convenience of our customers.

Smokers wishing to assure themselves of a regular supply of high-grade cigarettes (or tobacco) are advised to make an early enquiry at a Rothman shop, or to write to Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H7), 5, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

DUTY-FREE Parcels for Prisoners of War and H.M. Forces Overseas including India—particulars on request.

Rothman
OF PALL MALL
the best-known tobacconist
in the world



This is our grocer
he is very nice
he always lets
mum have
some Oxo be-
cause he knows
we like Oxo he told
mum that Oxo was
good for me and Jimmy.

Lam



IT'S EASY TO SEE



IT IS A FINE CIGAR

"SMOKING a cigar with the band on" is regarded as a sign of ostentation. But choosing a cigar with this band on is the essence of wisdom. For the King Six band identifies the finest British cigar, made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd., and ensures a standard quality at a uniform price. King Six are in short supply, but are still available if you look for them.

KING SIX CIGARS

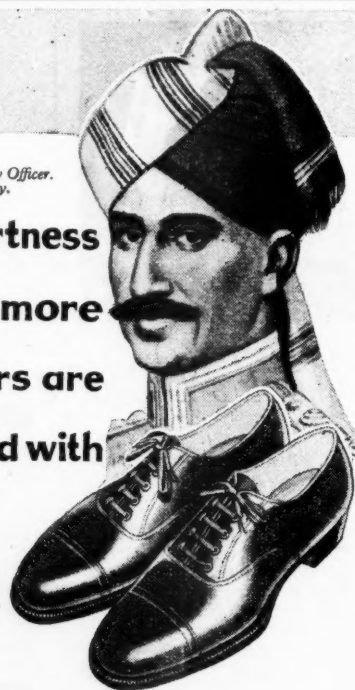
10½^p EACH In Cartons of 2 and 5, Cabinets of 50.

Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd., makers of fine cigars for over 100 years.

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King-Emperor's Orderly Officer.
7th Light Cavalry.

For Extra Smartness
the shoes of more
& more officers are
being polished with



NUGGET
MILITARY TAN
BOOT POLISH

IN BLACK;
MILITARY TAN
& DARK BROWN.

USE SPARINGLY—THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

N.J.J



RUNCAW

or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCIV No. 5329

April 7 1943

Charivaria

A MAN told a London magistrate last week that he came from Llannfairphiolliog, which is more than a good many people can say.

Confronted with a difficult problem, a politician recently said, he will wrestle with it until dawn if necessary. When, of course, he sees daylight.



"Most reformers have narrow views," observes a psychologist. A sort of righter's cramp.

A London man of 9 stone has a 22-stone son. A block of the old chip.

"What is the secret of spirited platform oratory?" asks a writer. Just missing a train.

"After shooting his mother, father, wife and their young son, Amos Latshaw, of Auburn, California, fell down a well and died of a broken neck while trying to dispose of the bodies."

American Paper.

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!"

During a rugby match contested in driving rain on a muddy ground, one player had scored a try before anybody else on the field knew what had happened. Just infiltration.

A film actress has just become engaged to a man she divorced eleven years ago. That's the worst of not keeping a card-index.

"The man who insists on sticking to his post will speedily win the approval of his employer," asserts an efficiency expert. This, it should be pointed out, does not apply to postmen.



P

Nearly three million dollars were bequeathed to his wife by an American ex-gangster. He left much to be desired.

Impending Apology

"You will be glad to hear that your former Rector, Archdeacon —, has had both of his operations for the sinus trouble and is now fooling very well indeed—he had no difficulty in taking all his Christmas services."

Church Magazine.

We read in an American paper that Goebbels considers it unlucky to look into a mirror. It may be true. He probably once looked into a mirror and there he was.

It is pointed out that bowler hats are still obtainable and are couponless. Ladies, make your presents felt.



It has been pointed out by a military commentator that we had the Italian Army with us in the last war. We have a good deal of it with us in this.

Writing to an evening paper, a North-Country reader says he was very surprised when he woke up the other morning and saw snow coming down. How else did he expect it to reach the ground?

An aurist says the war has made many people realize how important their ears really are. We have always made a point of wearing ours even in pre-war days.

"When mother and daughter are parted owing to the call of national service some good advice is very needful," says a writer. And the dutiful daughter doesn't hesitate to give it.

A Little Lesson

FRENCHMEN, Belgians, Dutchmen and Norwegians have experienced the hardships of war in their own countries. The occupation of these lands is merely a war measure. We cannot ease it, as the enemy has not given up his intention of establishing another theatre of war in one of these countries."

So says a speaker on Deutschlandsender, and it is when I read statements of this kind (and I read many of them) that I realize how difficult it is going to be for kindly foreign schoolmasters to re-educate the boys of Germany when the war comes to an end. They will go out with bright beaming faces, confident in their ability to make the Hitler youth understand by sweet and gentle persuasion that a new age has begun. What disappointment will await them! Almost in vain one tries to picture the scene.

The Kindly Foreign Schoolmaster (to his class). "Thou shalt not steal." Can any boy here tell me the meaning of these words?

There is silence.

The K.F.S. Do not be shy, little ones. Is there nobody who can tell me the meaning of the words "to steal"?

A Clever Boy. To steal is to take away from Germany.

The K.F.S. Only from Germany?

The Boy. Also from Europe. Europe belongs to Germany.

The K.F.S. No, that is not the right answer. I will try to explain a little more simply what I wish to say. Adolf— Is there any boy in the class called Adolf?

Three quarters of the class hold up their hands.

The K.F.S. Is there any boy called Hermann?

The other quarter of the class holds up its hand.

The K.F.S. I will try to put the point in a manner that you can all easily understand. A certain Hermann, we will say, has a white mouse which he loves very dearly, and feeds every day on compressed wood-fibre and acorn-juice. A certain Adolf sees this white mouse and thinks he would like it for his own. He knocks Hermann down, kicks him hard in the face and removes the white mouse to his own desk. Is there any reason why Adolf should not do this?

Dead silence. The class is evidently baffled.

A Very Bright Boy (suddenly). Perhaps he does not kick Hermann in the face hard enough.

The K.F.S. No, that is also wrong. Hermann will be very much grieved about the loss of his white mouse. He will be unhappy. He will cry. Adolf has many mice of his own. His desk is quite full of white mice, of piebald mice and of fawn-coloured mice. Perhaps he will not have enough food for Hermann's white mouse. Perhaps it will die. Can nobody think of any reason why Adolf should not take away Hermann's mouse?

There is silence again.

The K.F.S. Let me try once more. Suppose the schoolmaster sees Adolf taking away this white mouse and tells him not to do it. Suppose he says "Adolf, if you take away that mouse from Hermann you will be punished for it."

The Very Bright Boy. That will be most unfair.

The K.F.S. (sadly). Please tell me why.

The V.B.B. The schoolmaster does not want the white mouse. To cause trouble between Hermann and Adolf would be a wanton act of tyranny, designed to bring the horrors of war into the school and to prolong the unhappiness of all.

The K.F.S. But the teacher will want to make Hermann happy again.

The V.B.B. But the white mouse is dead. Adolf will now very likely give it back to Hermann, because he

does not need it any longer. Why should the teacher interfere?

The K.F.S. (wildly). But it was wrong for Adolf to take away the mouse.

The class is entirely unable to grasp this point of view. At last the bright boy has an inspiration.

The V.B.B. But you said that Adolf was stronger than Hermann.

The K.F.S. I did. But the teacher is stronger than Adolf.

The V.B.B. But if Adolf is punished, Adolf will be distressed and more angry with Hermann than ever. Hermann has been much hurt, and the mouse is dead, and now once again the schoolroom will become a theatre of war.

The K.F.S. (showing signs of despair). Let us suppose that the white mouse is not dead. Let us suppose that it is only weak and ill. Hermann when he receives the mouse which he loves will feed it and make it well again.

The V.B.B. But now Adolf will want the white mouse once more. Always he will say to himself "Why should I not be allowed to keep the white mouse?" Adolf will be miserable.

The K.F.S. But not Hermann.

The V.B.B. The face of Hermann is still covered with blood.

The K.F.S. The return of the white mouse will console him.

The V.B.B. But Adolf will knock him down again and kick him and take back the white mouse when the back of the teacher is turned.

The K.F.S. (savagely). Then Adolf will be whipped.

The Class (speaking all together). Why?

The K.F.S. (after a long, long pause). What ought Hermann to do then?

The V.B.B. He should say to himself "The will of Adolf to have white mice is stronger than my will. The organization of the mice in Adolf's desk is better than in mine. The fact that I have been kicked in the face is a lesson to show me the truth of this." Interference from outside will upset the organization of Adolf and plunge the school into chaos. Mice multiply very soon; and perhaps if Hermann apologizes to Adolf, Adolf will lend him a piebald or a fawn-coloured mouse to play with. So all will be satisfied.

The K.F.S. (firmly). The class will write out three hundred thousand times these words: "No one must steal anything from anybody."

The Class. All our pen-nibs are broken.

The K.F.S. Write them in pencil.

The Class. All our paper has been torn up.

The K.F.S. Who tore it up?

All the boys called Adolf cry "Hermann!" All the boys called Hermann cry "Adolf!"

The K.F.S. The class will remain here in complete silence for one hour.

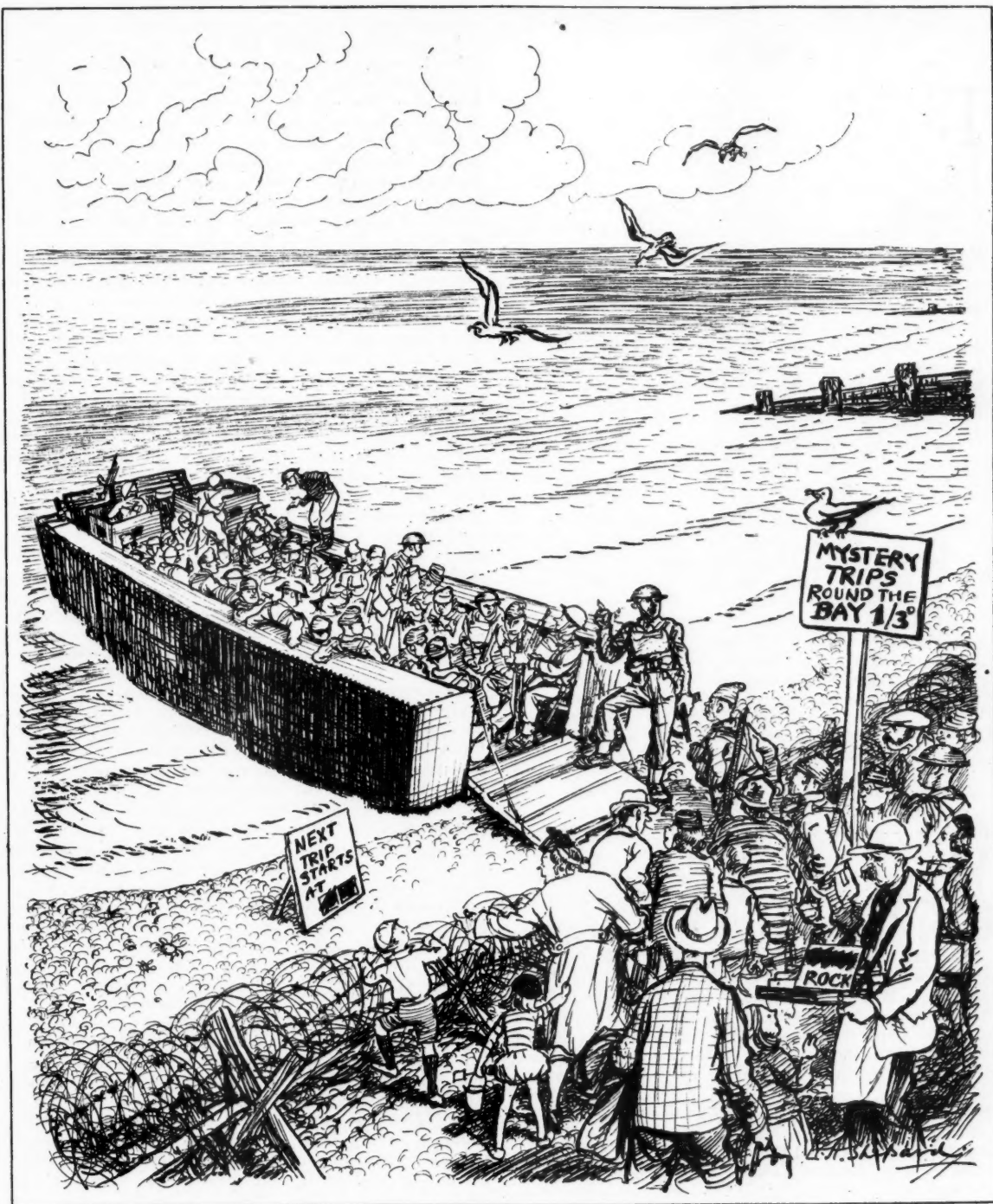
The Class. Heil Adolf!

The K.F.S. breaks down and cries.

EVOE.

"Labour difficulties are at the root of the trouble in most cases especially the reluctance of workers to be tied to the cows over the week-ends."—The Times.

Spoils a man's free time.



"ANY MORE FOR THE SKYLARK!"

[Visits to the greater part of the South Coast are permitted, but particular places may be banned from time to time, without prior notice, by the military authorities.]

Admiralty "Dance" Class Trawlers

IF I would picture in a single frame
The dual essence of the small ships' war
I'd choose the "Dance" class trawlers for my theme.
Short, shallow-draughted, funnel and fo'c'sle low,
With depth-charge throwers and a 4-inch gun:
Flaunting White Ensigns, four abreast in port:
Rolling like sea-cows in a Northern gale:
Gay in their dazzle-paint, gay blue-green-white:
Happy and hard, and dangerous and bright.

These are the ships I'd paint you. But I'd mix
Laughter and weariness and comradeship,
Hurt hands, and drink, and heaven-days of leave,
Sleep, petty meannesses and girls in port:
Rough food, and pride, cold, boredom, thanklessness,
And sport and danger, work and bravery.
All these to make their pattern. And I'd sing

Small ships, dancing in a ring—
Valse, Mazurka, Fox-trot, Quadrille—
Dancing-gay as their names are gay,
Tarantella and Pirouette—
As the snatch of the song they recall.
Coverley, Hornpipe, Rumba, Gavotte—
Dancing-grim as a fencer is grim,
Tango, Morris-dance, Minuet,
Saltarello and Sarabande—
As the sword in the fencer's hand.
About the convoy in a ring—
A ring about a submarine—
The "Dance" class trawlers in a ring—
Dancing, to war.

Deck-Chairs

METEOROLOGISTS have told us that you can
work out roughly the time of year by the average
person's reaction to the average deck-chair; and
psychologists, as you can imagine, have taken this up like
mad and worked out that you can tell the average person's
reaction to the average deck-chair by the time of year.
They say that anyone falling over a deck-chair half-way up
the back stairs in October, January, March and June feels
different each time: classifying the four reactions as
nostalgic anger, plain ordinary anger, anger tinged with
pleasurable hope, and plain ordinary anger again. I think
this is enough to show that the deck-chair is a social force
to be reckoned with, or in other words worth me writing
about.

Statisticians, too, have thought up some statistics about
deck-chairs. They tell us that they are not sure if there
are more privately-owned than publicly-owned deck-chairs
in this country, because publicly-owned deck-chairs look
more when you see them stacked together, but on the other
hand there must be a lot of privately-owned deck-chairs
that you never see at all. They tell us, too, that the
proportion of privately-owned deck-chairs to private deck-
chair owners is one to three, adding that they know this
seems a bit complicated, but just we notice next time an
average household brings out its deck-chairs. I think these

statistics can be taken as fairly accurate. I should like to
add a statistic of my own which is perhaps the most
interesting of all: *no one has ever bought a deck-chair*. I
will say right away that this is an exaggeration, because
I don't want all the people who *have* bought deck-chairs
writing and telling me so; but I would like them to think
how, when they did buy a deck-chair, they felt that self-
reproach mixed with heroism which attends anyone buying
a ball of string. As a rule deck-chairs, like string, are
handed down or along sideways from one family to another,
or simply taken over with the house. I doubt if anyone has
ever taken or bought a house without being shown a deck-
chair folded away somewhere and told that it is perfectly
all right but the canvas might be a bit unsafe.

Before I say anything about the canvas I had better
explain the construction of a deck-chair. Everyone knows
that an ordinary, that is a privately-owned, deck-chair has
a sort of rung and notches and legs folding different ways,
but perhaps not everyone has thought much about public
deck-chairs, which manage with no rungs at all. This is
rather interesting, not so much because it is impossible to
reconstruct a rungless deck-chair in the mind's eye as
because it is a fair indication of what deck-chair proprietors
think of their public—as people not fit to hire deck-chairs
out to. It is only fair to add that the public has no illusions
about itself either, and no one putting up an ordinary deck-
chair is more surprised when it comes right than the
putter-up, unless it is the lookers-on. As for the canvas of
a deck-chair, it begins plain or in traditional stripes, and
as time goes on is gradually reinforced with cretonne or
sacking; so gradually that anyone who staked a claim on
a deck-chair in its original stripes is able to go on being
annoyed about it even when it is all cretonne or all sacking.
Some deck-chair owners have been known to re-cover a
whole deck-chair with a single piece of canvas in a night;
but this is rare, and not, on the whole, human nature.

I expect most of my readers have met with at least one
fancy deck-chair, with folding arms, a leg-rest and a
canopy. This is assembled rather than put up, and it
takes so long to decide who shall be allowed not to sit in it
that psychologists might be excused for thinking that the
public is keen on such deck-chairs. Psychologists are not
like this, though. They have gone further into the question
and come out with the statement that no one's early
upbringing has fitted anyone for sitting in a deck-chair
with a leg-rest and thinking that all the others sitting in
ordinary deck-chairs are thinking that they themselves
might be so doing if they hadn't refused that last time round.
Furthermore, say psychologists, it takes twice as long to
get up out of a fancy deck-chair, and the instinct which
tells us that we ought to be doing something else, innate
in all people sitting in deck-chairs, is therefore twice as
innate in people sitting in fancy deck-chairs.

Now for the people sitting in ordinary deck-chairs. The
whole idea of a deck-chair is that it should be either in the
sun or out of the sun. The sun, as we know, moves almost
incessantly (though people sitting in deck-chairs are never
really persuaded of this until it happens) so that a deck-
chair which was out of the sun half an hour ago may
suddenly become in the sun, while a deck-chair which was
put where the sun would get at it when it came out of a
cloud may still be waiting for the sun twenty minutes
later. There is a very strong animosity between people
who sit in the sun and people who sit in the shade, to be
accounted for partly by normal intolerance and partly by

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions
are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are
necessarily available for export.

the suspicion that people who do not want to sit in the sun are taking advantage of natural causes. People who sit in the sun in deck-chairs spend a lot of time watching the sun moving through a cloud, telling themselves that it is really the cloud which is moving, wondering why they do not appreciate the sun more when it is out, and, on the whole, failing to do so when it is. People who let a deck-chair down to its bottom notch are thinkers; people who have it at the top one are knitting, or just that way anyway. People who do not want to take deck-chairs indoors at the end of the day are perfectly normal. People who do finally take them in have been bullied, or are also that way anyway.

H. J. Talking

SOME people find it easy to remember faces, but for others, among whom I am, this is hazardous in the extreme. My usual method is to make use of mnemonics. For example, I see a Mrs. Robinson and try to think what her face reminds me of. In this particular case it is Beachy Head; so I say to myself cliff—seagull—bird—robin, and sometimes these helpful chains of association contain no fewer than twenty-six terms. If I forget one I am done, so it is good exercise for my memory. Another method of dealing with faces is to be very gallant and call all women "Madam" and all men "Sir." If, however, they are peers and peeresses they may not like this as tending to demote them.

Like many thinkers, I find that my brain does not work at its best unless I take into account what is happening to my body, and I have made a series of highly scientific studies to discover my optimum conditions for thought, which turn out to be re-papering the spare bedroom while looking forward to Welsh rarebit for my next meal. When I am wrestling with a really difficult problem I use enormous quantities of paper and the room becomes like a padded cell. I have never attained the philosophic detachment of those who can think anywhere and at any time, among such being Mrs. Oscar's boy, who has been known to think when playing rugger against the police, when sharing lodgings with a piano-tuner who was working for his finals, and when having ferrets produced from him by a conjurer at Bournemouth.

Dress also affects quality of output, and if you were to visit me while I was working you might be surprised to find that I did not wear the ordinary linen coat of the scientist but a white tie and tails. This is because, as the B.B.C. have found with their announcers, there is something about formal evening-dress which brings out the best in one. For really crucial experiments I wear decorations, of which I have two, a diploma from a college which taught journalism, and this I have to pin open to my shirt-front, and an ear-ring given me by an Italian countess whose life I saved. She was sitting in a cinema where there was a draught which made the string of her pearls so tight it contracted and nearly choked her. I hurriedly lit my cigarette-lighter and put it up close against her neck; the heat expanded the string and all was well, though a good deal of her skin got lost in the process. B. Smith is not so affected as I am by these sartorial stimuli, and is sometimes downright dowdy, sitting at his telescope wearing a yachting cap marked S.S.S.O.S., he having got it cheap when the crew was disbanded owing to a lot of propaganda for poultry farming having reached the ship's library.

From time to time my wife has considerably varied her

styles of hairdressing, sometimes treating the head as a whole, as when it represented the Mappin Terrace, with animals in black jade dotted about it, and at other times treating each area on its own, so that once she appeared to have eight moustaches on her scalp, and another time all different kinds of *hors d'œuvres* was what it seemed to be. She does not just have curves, waves, ringlets, etc., but also rectangular shapes, and she has an expert hairdresser who can get three right-angles in a single hair. At one time she was all for the view that hair should be built more into general costume, and wore long plaits hanging down front and back which held up her skirt like braces. I am not particularly sentimental over hair, and was extremely embarrassed that when we got engaged my wife gave me a two-pound hank of hers. I could not think what to do with it as it would swamp any normal piece of jewellery, and finally bored a hole in the ceiling to take the ends, so that it hung down and any draughts there might be in the room blew it about, thus making it into a thing of delight.

Some flowers rouse me to a pitch of bubbling fury, among such being the wall kind, and what I dislike about these is their humility. Nothing gets the average decent man more on the raw than the feeling he is being forced into approval of something he does not care about by it looking humble and apologetic. A cactus that can eat rabbits has some sort of spirit about it; but a wallflower is as spineless as a decayed gentlewoman, and if these decay it is often their own fault for being so gentlewomanly. Some flowers which are large and brightly-coloured smack you in the eye and dare you to ignore them. This is a healthily vulgar way of behaving and I agree with it. I once, by cross-breeding, produced a plant whose flower had loud cheeks, like a bookmaker, and when I went for holidays I stood it on the table to frighten away fellow-guests who might otherwise have told me the story of their lives and how sad they had been.

My wife insists that the children should be brought up full of nature-lore, and they know, in fact, the names of a large number of plants, and, what is much more useful, some names which are not definitely attached to any particular breed but can be used with great finality in conversation—for example, Dr. Palgrave's Improved Grass, Old Man's Hiccough, Winnie's Wimple, and Spongemallow. For a time we made the experiment of giving each child its own patch of garden so that they could learn by doing, as the saying goes, but the twins simply covered their piece with deck-chairs and said it was that kind of garden; Secundus dug one of the deepest holes I have ever seen and then sat at the bottom and wrote letters to newspapers about the birth-rate; while Junissimus covered his garden with sheets of glass he cut from the windows with one of my wife's tiaras and then lost interest in it. My wife next tried them on pets and gave them one hundred and four silkworms and a badger; but the worms wove all over it and made it so plaintive an inspector said we should have to get rid of it or them. This was not too easy, interconnected being what they were to a surprising degree. Finally we posted the whole lot to the R.S.P.C.A. and left it to them to disentangle.

Epitaph on an Unfortunate Lady

In days ere war's despite had used her ill,
Tireless she sped o'er valley, plain and hill;
To-day—how sad her plight, her fate how hard!—
Tyreless she sits, and cannot move a yard.

C. F. S.

Little Talks

GOOD-morning. How d'you feel?
Cold, bad-tempered, and thoroughly anti-Axis.

You don't like Double Summer-time at dawn?

I don't like it a lot any time. What time is it now?

Eight-fifteen. But, of course it's six-fifteen really.

What d'you mean—"really"? The Government says it's eight-fifteen. The clocks say it's eight-fifteen. This is the eight-fifteen train. It is eight-fifteen.

Not by the sun.

Don't be tiresome! What do I care?

Evidently you care a lot, or you wouldn't be snorting so. You like your day to be governed by the sun and not by the Home Secretary.

I don't mind the one hour so much. It's the two that upsets me.

Ah, but don't you realize the spiritual significance of that? Didn't you feel an inward lightness last Monday morning, a sort of new alertness, a sense of purpose and progress—?

What on earth are you talking about! No, seriously, didn't you go to work on Monday feeling more "Up-and-at-'em" than the week before?

Well, of course, the news was better—Oh, no, it wasn't that. It was simply the readjustment of the clocks.

You're raving.

All the long winter, my dear old fellow, you've been using Berlin Time—Hun Time. Do you realize that?

Nonsense. I've been using British Summer Time—First Instalment. One hour on. Ought to be called British Winter Time, by the way, if it's going to be permanent.

Not a bad notion. But "one hour on" is Berlin Time.

That's rather revolting. Why?

Because the old sun, as you may have noticed, comes from the east—or seems to. And he travels through fifteen degrees of longitude in one hour. And Berlin is in about fifteen degrees of longitude East.

So when it's eight o'clock in Berlin it's seven o'clock here?

By the sun, yes. But, of course, if we put our clocks on one hour we're the same; and British Time is Hitler Time.

Good heavens! Do you mean to say that Hitler can set his watch by Big Ben?

Certainly. All the winter he's been able to do that. When it's nine o'clock in Berlin he can tune in for the London nine o'clock news.

Well, I agree, that is the most

disgusting conception. That explains a lot. I have been a bit bogged down all the winter; and, now you mention it, I think I do feel more like flying-speed. By the way, where are we now?

Wadhurst Junction.

No, I mean, what Time am I using now?

Ah, that's the real beauty of the thing. Last Sunday morning we passed out of Hun Time into—give you three guesses.

I dunno. Wop Time? Lapp Time? Jap Time?

Russian Time.

How perfectly splendid! But how d'you make that out?

Well, one hour takes you to longitude fifteen degrees east. Two hours takes you to thirty east. And that meridian passes near to Leningrad, Kiev and Odessa.

Moscow?

Moscow, as a matter of fact, is in about thirty-seven—half an hour further on. But I expect they keep the same time.

Well, it's all very gratifying, I must say. But why don't we make more of it? What is the Ministry of Information doing?

I agree. There ought to have been fanfares and things on the wireless—"Comrades, to-night we go over to Russian Time—the time of our brave allies. Throughout this all-important summer our clocks, like our hearts, will tick as one."

That's the stuff. And the Russian generals could have issued an Order of the Day to the troops: "Comrades, to-night set your watches by Big Ben. Britain, as a gesture of solidarity—"

A what?

A gesture of solidarity—"has tuned her Big Ben to the great Clock of Leningrad. Hear them together to-night!"

Jolly good show. And, of course, it's a practical thing. In the normal way, if the Prime Minister has a brain-wave about eleven o'clock at night and rings up Stalin to tell him about it, it's one o'clock—or half-past one—in Moscow, and Stalin will be turned in—if he ever is. But now there's no trouble of that sort.

And when we both send bombers to Berlin they'll start at the same time?

Well, by the same time, yes.

I must say it's all very symbolic and satisfactory; and I feel much, much better. But there's just one thing.

What's that, old boy?

Suppose the Russians have got some sort of Summer Time of their own. I

mean, suppose they've put their own clocks on one hour—or is it back?

That, of course, would muck everything up again. A. P. H.

Mrs. Twitting

ALL day long with unremitting Patriotism Mrs. Twitting Does her knitting—

Sits and knits

And knits

And knits.

From her fingers gloves and mittens, Scarves as soft and warm as kittens, Jerseys, socks and Balaclava Helmets fall like woollen lava; Nothing stops the click and flicker Of her needles. . . .

"Quicker! Quicker!"

Whispers Mrs. Twitting's demon; "Think of some poor shivering seaman, Soldier, airman—beautifully Warmed by this entrancing woolly! Think," the demon whispers subtly, "Of overtaking Mrs. Rutley, Outknitting little Mrs. Grampian—Yes, even her, the Local Champion! Quicker!" . . .

Thus the demon wheedles More from Mrs. Twitting's needles; Right round the moon from wax to wane

She dreams of naught but purl and plain,

From knitter's dawn to knitter's dark, In bus or picture-house or park, At meetings specially convened To help us beat the Nazi fiend, By this or that or other hearth, (And not improbably in her bath), Through crises (various) or blitz, Mrs. Twitting sits and knits.

When guns have ceased their final spitting

And radios are all transmitting The glorious news of Hitler's flitting, When freedom's bells are gaily splitting The ambient air, and Little Bitting Is tearing down its black-out, hitting The local high spots, Mrs. Twitting For happy warriors will be sitting Knitting.

Will you please help us in a good work? We would be so grateful if you could send a contribution, however small, to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

Long scene



As far as I can make out, the only way to avoid coming in for the—



end of a film that you DO want to see is to come in for the—



end of a film that you DON'T want to see, in which case it's—

Essential Work

MR. Jigson of The Jigson Tool Co., Ltd., looked up from the pile of forms he was reading. "Come in," he said irritably. "Oh, hello, Miss Brown, I'm afraid I'm not quite ready to dictate my letters yet—I'll ring you later."

"Could you spare a minute, sir, to read this," replied Miss Brown, passing him a small buff-coloured form.

"Umph, so we're going to lose you, are we? Let me see, you're forty-two, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, well, you'll have a choice of the sort of job you have to do at your age, and we'll keep your post open for you after the war. I don't know what we're going to do; we'll have to phone the local exchange for someone to take your place. You might attend to that before you go, please."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the best of luck. Please write us how you go on. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir."

* * * * *

"You Miss Brown?"

"Yes."

"Fill in this form, please—in duplicate."

"In duplicate?"

"Yes, two copies, you know—pen over there. . . ."

"Ah! Thanks, that's right—um! Let me see, six years typist at The Jigson Tool Co. Well, they want an adding machinist at The Clawson Clothing Co.—essential war work, you know—uniforms."

"But I can't use an adding machine, and my own firm are doing essential war work. Why can't I stay there?"

"These things are in good hands,

Miss Brown. We know where your services can best be utilized—we study these things, you know."

* * * * *

"Pardon me, is this The Clawson Clothing Co.?"

"It is. What can we do for you, Miss?"

"Well, the labour exchange have sent me here to fill the post of an adding machinist. I'm sorry I can't use one, but I'll try to learn quickly."

"Adding machinist?"

"Yes, that's what they said."

"Well, that's queer, we don't even use one. Wait a minute, I'll phone them up. . . ."

"Hello, that the labour exchange? Well, you've sent a Miss Brown round here to use an adding machine we haven't got and don't want. What's that? On our card? I can't help that, we don't want anyone. Oh, I see, you'll have to report us for wasting your time. What's that? It says—ADD: MACHINIST on our request card? Well, you fathead, that stands for additional machinist. Incidentally, you sent her about two months ago. Good morning. . . ."

"I'm sorry, Miss Brown, you can see how the mistake has arisen. Good morning."

"Good morning."

* * * * *

"Oh, yes, you're just back from The Clawson Clothing Co., aren't you? Well, here's another address; you shouldn't have any trouble this time. It's a very important firm on very essential work—they only phoned us this morning. They require a typist urgently—The Jigson Tool Co. Good morning."



usually some little time before you—



realize that after all it is the—



end of the film that you DO want to see.



"...wasting gas, Your Worship, and attempted suicide."

Journey to Plymouth

"FORWARD for Plymouth," said the ticket-inspector at the barrier. I like these inspectors at barriers. They seem to take an interest. Porters don't care, and rarely speak unless spoken to, but ticket-inspectors have travelled too in their day and would, I think, like to tell one to take plenty of warm under-clothing ("It gets chilly in the evenings down there") if they could spare the time. But they are busy men, and a kindly word of advice about changing is generally all they can manage.

"Forward?" I said. "Thanks," and having only some five minutes before the train was due to leave strode swiftly away up the platform.

It was a longish train. After two minutes' walking I quickened my pace, at the end of three I was trotting, and by the time I had covered perhaps three-quarters of a mile I was going like the wind. One doesn't want to fuss, but clearly when the man says "Forward," the only safe thing is to be right up in front. I remember once in a dare-devil spirit getting into the third or fourth coach on one of these journeys and having the most desolate sensation of being left behind at every stop, including, if you know what I mean, Woking.

Anyway, I ran so fast that in the end I overshot and found myself alongside the driver who was smoking a pipe with his elbows on the whatsisname. He looked a capable man.

"Not going just yet, are you?" I panted.

"Couple of minutes," he said.

There was a lot of steam coming from his engine and the most enormous fire blazing away in the grate, which seemed to me rather wasteful. Apparently there are no regulations on this line about bricking up the sides of fire-places or keeping the level of water in the boiler down to five inches. The driver said he had never heard of such a thing. So I gave him a shilling and asked him to be careful on the corners. (I usually give them sixpence, but I think when you are well forward the extra is worth while.)

The corridor was rather full but I got a comfortable place against the window with only one man between me and the compartment door. Some people like the inside position so that they can stare at the people who have got seats, but personally I get tired of this after the first hour, just as one does at an aquarium. The view through the outside (or corridor) window is more varied, though I must say it is a pity the glass stops at about the level of one's chin. You miss the sky-effects rather, especially in cuttings. Still, there are quarter-mile posts and bushes and the lower half of signal-boxes to look at, and now and again a cow or a man cutting up a box at the end of his garden. These are the sort of shots that are considered very effective in films and I don't see that they are any less good because the audience is moving instead of the picture.

"Do we stop at Eastleigh?" asked a man in an Old Rugbeian tie.

Everybody experienced the delicious thrill you get when you find an Old Rugbeian in the wrong train, and we all hung back in a polite desire to give somebody else the chance of springing the big surprise. Eventually a pushing sort of chap with a fat face and gleaming spectacles spoke up and told him we didn't even pass through Eastleigh on this train, let alone stop at it.

"Oh, don't we?" said the Old Rugbeian. "Well, it's not much loss."

This disappointment cast quite a gloom over the corridor and we travelled on in silence for many miles until a happy circumstance brought us together again. It is a most extraordinary thing that no matter how chock-a-block the corridor is, you will always find at least one person who will push his way through in an attempt to find a seat. In any other country such a character would be killed quite quickly and the pieces pushed out quietly through the ventilation-holes, but the English will hollow their backs and flatten themselves out and permit their feet to be trodden on and their stomachs to be rudely jostled by an alien waistcoat rather than deny to a fellow-citizen his right to open every blessed compartment-door and ask if all the seats are taken. We do not even speak to the man and point out in a friendly way what a rotten sort of fellow he is.

This journey was no exception to the rule, and when, as always happens, the intruder had somehow found himself a seat, we raised our eyebrows at one another in a droll way and one or two of the bolder spirits said, "Well, really!"

This companionship in dislike, one of the strongest bonds that can bind human beings together, ripened into something approaching affection when great numbers of persons descended, for some inscrutable reason, at Andover, and we all got seats. People who have roughed it together in the corridor fall naturally into a state of intimacy verging on conversation when they come at last to the haven where they would be.

For myself I struck up quite a friendship with the Old Rugbeian and sketched out to him a plan for getting some dinner which had been taking shape in my mind for some little while. Briefly, I proposed to leap from the carriage the instant we drew up at Salisbury and run with great



"Then, between Hamburg and Emden, Sandy got an M.E. and Mac knocked off a little sonnet sequence."

swiftness to the extreme rear of the train, where I had reason to believe a restaurant car was attached. "Once there," I said, "I shall immediately seek an interview with the head steward and endeavour, with the aid of such persuasive powers as a man of moderate means possesses, to coerce him into keeping a table for us. I shall then return and make my report."

The Old Rugbeian attempted at first to dissuade me from this rash and chancy plan, pointing out the great distance to be covered, the certainty of innumerable bodies barring my way, the known tendency of stewards to say that all tables are already reserved and that the restaurant car is coming off at this station anyway, and finally, the folly of vacating even for an instant a seat snatched so miraculously from the grudging hand of fate. Observing, however, that I was not to be deterred by such womanish counsels, he changed his tone and began to praise my energy and resolution, painting in the liveliest colours the advantages that would accrue from the expedition, and remarking in parenthesis that if I put my best foot forward I might even have time for a gin in the steward's pantry before returning.

So it turned out. I am totally opposed to the consumption of alcohol, but I should like to put it on record that a gin taken quickly in the steward's pantry takes the sting out of the platform at Salisbury. With a quiet mind and an unhurried step (though keeping an eye open for the green flag) I made my way back. "Mission," I imagined myself radioing to base, "accomplished."

It was all the more of a shock to see the front part of the train, my part, quietly detach itself and steam out of the station. One feels at these times an acute sense of loss. I stood still and thought of my pyjamas rounding the bend there, heading for an unknown destination. I thought of my tooth-brush, of my three khaki handkerchiefs, of my razor, and then with an awful pang of two bars of milk chocolate stuffed into my bedroom slippers. I thought of that bourne from which no suitcases return.

"I've got your things," said the Old Rugbeian. Bless him!

"They turned us out," he explained, "and took the first three coaches away empty."

There was much speculation on the platform about this high-handed act on the part of the railway company. Some said that the Second Front had started. It was obvious, they said, that our coaches were wanted to rush a Division down from the north. Some thought it more likely that three important Italian restaurateurs were being evacuated to the Isle of Man. My own view was that some railway nark, seeing a number of passengers actually sitting in compartments, had reported the matter to his superiors for their information and action as necessary. Whatever the reason, the result was clear. We were back in the corridor again, a good deal more crowded than before. But I didn't mind. My heart was singing. "Come along at Yeovil," the steward had said, "and we'll be ready for you."

We dined well between Yeovil and Exeter. At Exeter they took the restaurant-car off and we strolled along the platform and found a couple of seats, as if it were the easiest thing in the world.

"What time are we due at Plymouth?" I asked.

"About midnight," said the Old Rugbeian.

I began to do a crossword, and before long everybody in the carriage was helping, with the exception of an old chap asleep in a corner. There was quite a nice Wren, who helped with the spelling. It was all very friendly and jolly.

Not until we reached Plymouth was there a discordant note. We were sorting out our coats and preparing in a leisurely way to descend when the old man in the corner suddenly came to life and thrust his way through our ranks crying: "Excuse me, I have to catch a train to London."

"We've just come from there," said somebody in a stupefied way, but the old man had gone.

I find this incident quite inexplicable.

H. F. E.



"Please! PLEASE! No skill required."



"I should think there are more effective ways of saving cloth than by merely abolishing turn-ups."

A "Visionary Gleam"

HE put on his new utility suit
And eyed the effect in the glass,
The cut, he noticed, was not too cute
But still it would have to pass;
The cloth, though not of the highest kind,
Was a work-a-day kind of stuff,
But one grave flaw he was grieved to find:
He hadn't got pockets enough.

He hadn't got room for the large-sized wipe
That stood his explosive sneeze,
A portable diary, pouch and pipe,
Glasses in case and keys,
A holder for notes and identity-card,
A lighter and coin and fags,
To name no others; but, still more hard,
They'd spoilt his joy in his bags.

It wasn't the lack of a pleated waist
Though at every turn one meets
With frocks that flatter the female taste
For widely extravagant pleats
But the lost turn-ups were a heavier blow;
'Twas there that he once had found
A genuine quid in the long ago,
A beautiful golden pound.

Bright was the vision of that far day,
And the hope was upon him still
Of living again (with a half-crown, say)
That sudden and radiant thrill.
It had carried him on like a fanciful gleam
In a life that was marked with snags,
And they might have left him his cherished dream
Of a coin in his turn-up bags. DUM-DUM.



THE NEW DISORDER

"Speaking as one bust to another, I doubt whether Munich is any safer than Naples or Berlin."

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, March 30th.—House of Commons: Great News is Imparted.

Wednesday, March 31st.—House of Lords: Curfew Shall Not Ring—By W.D. Order.

House of Commons: Catering Wages Bill Again.

Thursday, April 1st.—House of Commons: And Again.

Tuesday, March 30th.—Not for nothing has the House of Commons been called the sounding-board of the nation. Often the House has its trivial moments, its petty—almost silly—passages, its periods of littleness.

But, much more often, the Grand Inquest of the Nation is Britain-in-Miniature, reflecting truly and greatly the likes and dislikes, the whims, the enthusiasms and the hatreds of us all.

So it was to-day. Mr. CHURCHILL was there early with a subtle kind of suppressed excitement written all over his expressive face. He sat on the edge of the seat and looked around him with the expression we who see him often have learnt to know means something good to come.

What could it be? News from North Africa? From North Africa, where all our thoughts were, but whence little news had come for days?

Questions ended at last, and Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD asked with carefully-assumed nonchalance for a statement from Mr. CHURCHILL on the "military situation in Tunisia."

"Certainly," said the Prime Minister, straightening out the papers in his hand and stepping nimbly to the Table.

And then he told the story the whole House wanted to hear—how the cautious warning of setbacks to come, given to the House last week, had been falsified, how General MONTGOMERY had surprisingly and crushingly thrown his weight into turning the flank of his doughty opponent, Marshal ROMMEL, instead of persisting in the frontal attack first attempted; and how "the situation had turned very much in our favour."

What a cheer shook the building! Mr. CHURCHILL grinned like a hand-somely-tipped schoolboy, and raised an eager hand for quiet.

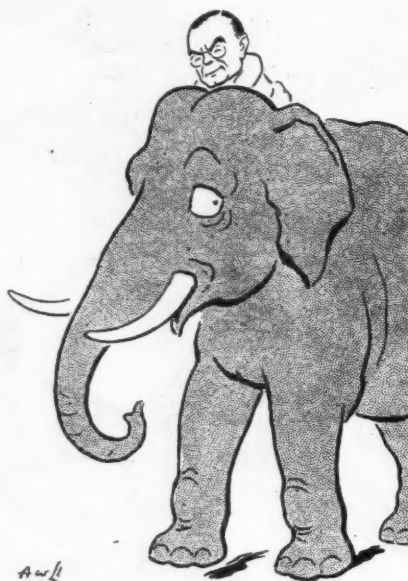
"According to my latest information," said he, "we occupied El Hamma last night—"

Again that roar of cheers, this time louder than ever.

"—and our vanguards passed through Gabes this morning."

This time a short, sharp, rather breathless cheer, then a sudden silence, while Members waited for more.

The decisive break-through of General FREYBERG's forces was aided to an extraordinary degree, Mr. CHURCHILL went on, by novel forms of intense air attack, in which many hundreds of British aircraft were simultaneously employed. Enemy losses were serious, and the Panzer



"Kala Nag was going uphill, but Little Toomai could not tell in what direction."

The Jungle Book.

"It was for the Indians themselves to find the way."—*The Secretary for India.*

divisions in particular were "remarkably mauled and enfeebled."

The House roared once more in appreciation of this typically Churchillian phrase—and of its significance. Then—the Premier cannot long sustain unbroken seriousness before his Puckish humour comes to the surface—he remarked, with simulated gravity, that he could not tell, yet, what proportion of the Italian 20th and 21st Armies had . . . been left behind.

This time a roar of another kind—a yell of laughter.

A tiny warning that all was not necessarily plain sailing, and that there might be severe fighting to come, a great tribute to the Allied commanders—and that was all.

How short a time ago it seemed—and yet what aeons!—since the same voice had told the same story the other way round, with our own forces in a hopelessly outnumbered position, and triumphant ROMMEL swaggering through the land. Mr. CHURCHILL's voice had not wavered then; it bore no trace of boastfulness now.

The House went happily about its work. Confidence is a powerful tonic.

Sir RICHARD ACLAND again challenged a by-election writ, this time for Daventry, where a by-election is caused by the death of Mr. Speaker FITZROY. Mr. CHURCHILL promised that what could be done about revising the voters' roll would be done, but added that he did not feel at all sure it would meet Sir RICHARD's views. So Sir RICHARD announced, in the blood-congealing tones the Giant probably used in his negotiations with Jack before their fracas, that his opposition "ceased to be formal" and became "effective." Precisely what he meant, by "effective" was not clear, for when a division was in due time challenged the Government overwhelmed the Acland front by 239 votes to 12.

So Daventry is to have its by-election, and Sir RICHARD's nominee will have his chance to sit with his chief. Possibly.

Wednesday, March 31st.—The Archbishop of YORK pleaded in the Lords to-day for the lifting or modification of the ban on the use of church bells except as an invasion warning. All down the ages, said he, these bells had rung out clearly to tell of the joys and sorrows, the faith and hope of the people of our land. And now, when there was good ground for faith and hope, it seemed an appropriate time to let the wild bells ring out again, bearing, not their new, but their age-old message. To refuse, said His Grace, would be unreasonable and unnecessary.

But Lord CROFT, for the War Office, martyr to duty that he is, had to announce that his Department insisted on taking the unreasonable and unnecessary line, and that curfew should not ring that (or any other) night until invasion is attempted or for ever averted.

The Archbishop did not even try to look pleased. On the contrary, he assumed an expression that in a Peer Temporal would have meant a spot of bother to come for the Minister.

The Commons were concerned once more with the Catering Wages Bill, committee stage. But, first, the Prime



"Here we are, right in the midst of the second Punic war, and the troops still insist on singing the songs that were popular in the first."

Minister (sensing, no doubt, the sweet nostalgia of the crowded benches for a beloved secret session, which they have not had for many days) spied strangers, and out went everyone but the elect and the elevated.

On the resumption in the fierce glare of publicity, the serried ranks of the opponents of the Bill got to work, moving amendment after amendment, but rarely dividing the House. Just as some particularly sanguinary football matches are quaintly known as "friendly" contests, this trial of wits between urbane Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, Labour Minister, and the critics was all politeness—with the desire to murder the Bill never far beneath the surface.

Mr. BEVIN's team was a pretty formidable one: giant Mr. MALCOLM MCCORQUODALE an able goal-keeper, Mr. B. himself as centre-forward, Mr. GEORGE TOMLINSON, his other under-Secretary, as back, half-back and forward as occasion required, and the Solicitor-General as a kind of friendly referee.

Sir DOUGLAS HACKING led the opposing team, with Major GLUCKSTEIN in goal, and a kaleidoscopic array of backs, forwards and mere "rooters" bobbing up in the most unlikely places from time to time.

With infinite charm and old-world courtesy they hacked each other's shins and made the most fraternal attempts to trip each other. And so, far into the blackout, when Major MILNER, in the Chair, blew his metaphorical whistle, and the game was adjourned.

Thursday, April 1st.—The Catering Wages Bill, some more. Truth to tell, the House was becoming a little bored with this (doubtless excellent) measure by now, and the practical aspects of the catering trade as demonstrated by Mr. R. J. BRADLEY, their own restaurant manager, elsewhere, exercised a strong pull for most Members, with the result that the House was not crowded.

Soon, with the same maître-d'hôtelish grace, Mr. BEVIN will present their Lordships with the Bill. Maybe they will query an item or two.

La Mère

*MES prisonniers, mes fils, mes
saboteurs,
De pire en pire l'envahisseur se vante
Puisqu'il est étreint d'un maudit malaise.
Ça finira bientôt—
Temps moyen, souffrez, mais n'ayez pas
peur !*

*Entendez-vous ?—Encore là-bas, là-haut,
On chante . . .
(Vous autres, aussi, écoutez de plein
cœur !) . . .
On chante la Marseillaise
Lorsqu'on meurt.*

"Brig.-General Hermon Stafford, chief of U.S. Army Ordnance Production, said in Washington that his department had increased production by 70,000 per cent. in two years. They had guns which would outmatch the 88 m.m. guns used by Rommel."

Evening Telegraph and Post.
Should outnumber them, too.



"Now take the knife in your right hand, take a pace forward, raise the knife to a position approximately six inches from my left shoulder-blade, wait for my order, then count six and bring the knife sharply forward in a stabbing movement, taking me by surprise."

My Worst Lecture

OF all forms of original expression the lecture is the least satisfactory. It begins with every advantage. It is more flexible than written prose, more intimate than television, but unless it earns the equivocal criticism "an interesting address" in the local Press there is no way of assessing its merits. My experience at the — Camp for prisoners of war supports this view.

I can claim a not inconsiderable share in the education of our armed forces. Since September 1939 I have spoken on bimetallicism, Brest-Litovsk and kindred topics to hundreds of military units throughout the length and breadth of our green and pleasant unsinkable aircraft-carrier. Yet in spite of my wide experience both as schoolmaster and lay reader I am still denied the satisfaction which springs from "something attempted, something done." At different times I have

been convinced that such variables as these would help me:

- (1) The number of officers present at my lectures.
- (2) The number of officers called away during my lectures.
- (3) The number of men who take diagrammatic notes during my lectures.
- (4) The degree and quality of the animation which follows my lectures.

However, these measures are subject to extraneous influences impossible to eliminate, so that such guidance as they afford is only rough and ready.

The men at — Camp have a most difficult task. In addition to their ordinary soldierly duties they are expected to account for every one of their charges. Clearly they are entitled to special consideration in the matter of education. I decided that my lecture to these men should be some-

thing entirely new. There would of course be no sacrifice of truth or of the principles of economic theory—the discourse would preserve its content—but the presentation would be a revolutionary combination of the prolix and the informal.

After a cup of tea in the mess I was encouraged to hear the O.C. state that he himself had decided "to have a basinful" of my lecture, but his plea of "Any volunteers?" evoked no response among his colleagues.

We were nearing the lecture-room when we were halted by a messenger. The O.C.'s brows lowered as he read the note.

"I'm dreadfully sorry, Sopwhittle," he said, "and disappointed, but this means that I'll have to miss the first part of your talk. Please don't wait. Go right ahead. It would be a shame to disappoint the men." I said nothing but I understood.

The door of the lecture-room was open. I went in. The lecture was a success from its first moment. My new tactics made the men forget themselves and their troubles. I have never seen an audience so attentive. They greeted my dramatizations with open-mouthed awe: even the more abstruse passages found them absorbed and wondering. I was very, very happy—exalted, even. At last I brought my lecture to its thrilling coda—a fine emphatic reiteration of the main points—and concluded with an impassioned appeal for an immediate restoration of the gold standard.

As I turned to get my hat I realized that I had done more than inspire the men—I had left them agape. They were still agape as I left the room.

The first person I met outside was the O.C. He looked upset.

"Where the blazes did you get to?" he said. "We've been waiting almost an hour for your precious lecture."

Then an idea seemed to strike him and he added very earnestly: "Did you come out of *that* door just now?"

I nodded.

"Well," he said, "I suppose there's no harm been done, but we're not really expected to provide lectures for the Italians."

Sergeants

I DON'T mind confessing," said Second-Lieutenant Quail, "that my chief reason for being glad to get abroad was that it enabled me to shake off Sergeant Grundy."

Sympson said that, personally, he had been glad to leave England too, but for higher and more patriotic motives. Somebody remarked that it was certainly in the interests of England that Sympson should leave it, but Quail went on with his story.

"Sergeant Grundy," he said, "haunted me from the moment that, newly-pipped, I joined 942 Company. I was sent out to take over a detachment of which Sergeant Grundy had up till then been in sole command, and the very first thing he said was 'Excuse me, sir, but may I ask how long you have been commissioned?' I am by nature a truthful man, and subterfuge of any kind is extremely abhorrent to me, but on the spur of the moment I told Sergeant Grundy that I had been commissioned for fifteen months, instead of fifteen days."

Naturally we all looked very shocked at this, especially Sympson, with whom truth is almost an obsession.

"I know it was wrong," went on

Quail, "but Sergeant Grundy had one of those supercilious smiles that are so peculiarly devastating when accompanied, as in Sergeant Grundy's case, by a waxed moustache. If I had known that Sergeant Grundy had been a sergeant for eighteen years I would not have bothered to lie, for a fifteen-months-commissioned officer was to him, of course, a mere baby. So I had all the inconvenience of my lie without the benefit of it. I felt as Gehazi would have felt had he become a leper without getting his garments."

"Did Sergeant Grundy ever discover the truth?" asked Sympson.

Quail laughed bitterly.

"No," he said, "though often I felt strongly inclined to confess. Whether Grundy suspected, I do not know, but he was always dragging my length of service into the conversation. 'Well, Mr. Quail,' he would say cheerfully, 'in another forty-two days you will be due for your second pip.' Then, of course, as the weeks went by it became thirty-five days, twenty-eight days, and so on. As the date came closer I became filled with dread. I imagined the awful day when, if I had spoken truly, I ought to be entitled to my second pip. I pictured the contemptuous horror in Sergeant Grundy's fish-like eyes as he realized that his subaltern was a liar."

Sympson chuckled.

"It proves the merit of that excellent adage that has been my own motto throughout life," he said—"Honesty is the best policy."

"Foolishly," Quail continued, "I resorted to a further subterfuge. 'To tell you the truth, Sergeant Grundy,' I said with a bashful laugh, 'I shall be a little late getting my second pip. Soon after I was commissioned I kicked over the traces a little, and I lost three months' seniority.' Actually, I do not know if an officer can forfeit seniority, but luckily Sergeant Grundy was equally ignorant. He tried to find out, however, by respectful pumping, what my crime had been, and I foolishly hinted that it was connected with over-indulgence in alcohol. Life after that became unbearable. No sooner did I enter a public house for my usual modest half-pint than Sergeant Grundy would be on my heels, telling me that I was urgently wanted back at the billets, for some absurd reason which he had invented in his fatherly zeal. Added to this, the news that I was a drunkard spread round the town. In officers' messes they put away the whisky-bottle when I entered, and even my own Major ordered lemonade for both of us when he came over to visit my detachment."

Sympson looked thoughtful.

"I saw a sergeant of our corps in the town to-day," he said, "with a waxed moustache and fish-like eyes. It wouldn't at all surprise me if he turned out to be your Grundy. One meets almost everybody in Africa, sooner or later..."

But Quail, with a groan, had rushed off to beg the adjutant to put him on the next draft going north.



"Believe it or not, Officer, I'm a kleptomaniac!"

At the Frolics

"STRIKE A NEW NOTE"
(PRINCE OF WALES)

"LA-DI-DA-DI-DA" (VICTORIA PALACE)
"JUNIOR MISS" (SAVILLE)

THE programme at the Prince of Wales Theatre rather surprisingly quotes Stevenson's remark that it is better to travel hopefully than it is to arrive, and that the true success is labour. Mr. GEORGE BLACK might have gone a step further, the whole Stevensorian hog, in fact, and called his new revue *Virginibus Puerisque*. Why? Because the show is almost entirely performed by young and unknown singers, dancers, and comedians. Here's "the younger generation knock-knock-knocking at the door," as they used to sing in one of Mr. Coward's best revues when most of these new folks were still at school.

Mr. BLACK has given his promisers every advantage—particularly varied and charming clothes and the best spectacular-revue-producer now working, to wit Mr. ROBERT NESBITT. In consequence the young people have no excuse but sheer incompetence if true success does not crown their labours. They come through it all gaily, bravely and with a grin, and any faltering or fozzling can be willingly overlooked because there is a delectable new comedian in the company. We enjoy Mr. SID FIELD at his first appearance so much that we look into the programme to see how often his name recurs. It recurs three times.

At his first showing Mr. FIELD is a redoubtable tough from the Elephant and Castle, full of foolish saws and Cockney instances. He can neither sing nor dance and makes a parade of inadequacy which is amusing enough in its rather familiar way. A disparaging enemy from the Walworth Road is in the audience to make Mr. FIELD's début a misery to him. He is in the end removed by the manager to undergo tuition and re-dressing. The comedian's next appearance—with a couple of "production numbers" in the interim—is as surprising as it is delightful. He is almost unrecognizable.

Gone are the padded shoulders, the sham arrogance, the unalarming truculence, the boxer-like gestures, the verbal repetitions. He is now an incommunicably genteel musician wearing poor Billy Bennett's dress-suit. He remains inadequate to perform what he undertakes to perform; he blunders, stumbles, and damages his musical instrument beyond repair. But Mr. FIELD is now more than a gentleman. He is the personification of smiling suavity, and has acquired gestures, accents and manners that are positively Foreign

as well as a born comedian. His golfer, apparently an honest Midlander, is as remote from the preliminary tough as he is, in the other direction, from that amazing piece of musical urbanity.

Another good comedian, Mr. LUPINO LANE, is the saving grace besides being the *raison d'être* of the musical comedy with the foolish title at the Victoria Palace. This is a conventional enough piece which begins by seeming to burlesque all musical comedies with a missing diamond necklace as motif, and continues and concludes by being indistinguishable from all such musical comedies. Besides Mr. LANE—mercurial, nimble and ubiquitous as ever—there is in way of compensation an interpolated turn by the French clown NONI. The latter has a pretty new partner called NITA, who plays the harp as well as performing marvellous somersaults—a combination of achievements which would have made even Mrs. Crummles raise an eyebrow. But the one glimmer of verbal wit in the show is Mr. LANE's retort to an elderly gentleman in a state of extreme exasperation who says: "They'll drive me to my grave!" "What d'you expect to do—walk?" says Mr. LANE in his lightning way.



A BROKEN MELODY
MR. SID FIELD

Office in their rich grace and intensity. He is now incapable of dismay, and interrupters in the audience are answered back with wit accompanied by a subtle smile of bland contumely. Nothing could be more engaging, or less like any other comedian.

At his next brief appearance, in an amusementsketch called "Anglo-American Relations," Mr. FIELD is glimpsed as an American officer trying to speak Sandhurst English to an English officer attempting the accent of Chicago. And at his last, which is blessedly much less brief, he is a moon-faced dolt in plus-fours taking his first lesson in golf. This is riotously funny, and it clinches the earlier-formed opinion that Mr. FIELD is a good actor

a dubious past. She is proved wrong in three acts of unwitty fooling alleviated only by Mr. RONALD WARD's excellent assumption of a morning-after "hangover" and by the insistent adolescence of Miss JOAN WHITE as the terrible child and of Miss PEGGY CUMMINS as her friend from next door. Carlyle opines somewhere about the age of adolescence that "as young ladies are, to mankind, precisely the most delightful in those years, so young gentlemen do then attain their maximum of detestability." But we take that to have been merely Carlyle's clumsy Scottish chivalry. He really meant both sexes to come under the indictment. And he was, besides, no theatre-goer. A. D.

Resolution

"MISS Littlemug, it's quite all right. Really."

"Dear, I can only suppose that you think me a complete half-wit when you say a thing like that. I come here, at my own suggestion, to help you in a most severe domestic crisis, and what happens? I instantly develop this extraordinary and malignant germ, and lie here in my bed, not only doing nothing to help you but deliberately increasing your work. Have you any idea how many times you've come up these stairs to-day already?"

"I can't say I have."

"Or how many times you've come down them?"

"The same."

"The same as what, dear? I do beg you not to become mysterious, because I should be quite unable to bear it, frantic as I am. All I know is that you've flown up and down like a tornado balancing all these heavy trays and jugs and things, and quite unable to stop for a single instant."

"It doesn't sound at all restful for an invalid, Miss Littlemug."

"It's perfectly restful. I've been as calm as possible all day, except that I've been practically out of my mind with misery and distress. And one thing, dear, had better be made clear at once: I get up and come downstairs to help you to-morrow morning, if I fall dead on the floor."

"Oh, dear."

"Don't say that, dear. We must all come to it sooner or later. That was impressed upon me at a very early age by a most excellent man—an amateur book-binder—who always used to say that death was the portion of all alike."

"I'd rather you didn't—"

"That, dear, is kind. But impious, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Not at all. Besides, I really only meant that I hoped you wouldn't try to get up and come downstairs to-morrow."

"Dear, nothing—not an apoplectic stroke, not a broken leg, not a temperature of a hundred and five—will keep me in this bed one moment after seven o'clock to-morrow morning. I come here to help you and for no other purpose, and what do I do?"

"You work yourself into a—"

"Forgive me if I ask you most earnestly not to interrupt me. Just at the moment, upset as I am, it's rather more than I can bear. I hope I have as much self-command as anybody else—in fact I have often been told that I

have much, much more—but there is a limit to one's powers of human endurance."

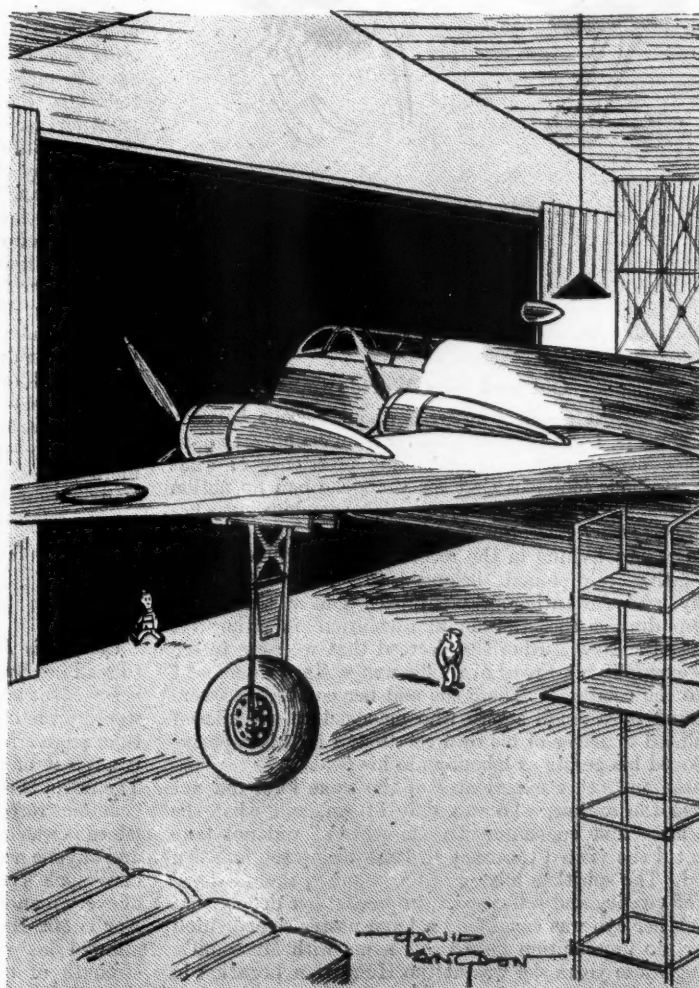
"Miss Littlemug, do please keep still. And won't you drink your tea?"

"Tea! I suppose you had to make it and carry it upstairs, and presently you'll be washing up the cup and saucer, while I lie here, like a log. . . . All right, dear! I'm practically ambidexterous, otherwise I couldn't have caught it with my left hand—very little harm done, except for the waste of tea and milk. On no account suggest changing the pillow-slip. It would drive me completely mad. Besides, I shall be up to-morrow, whatever happens."

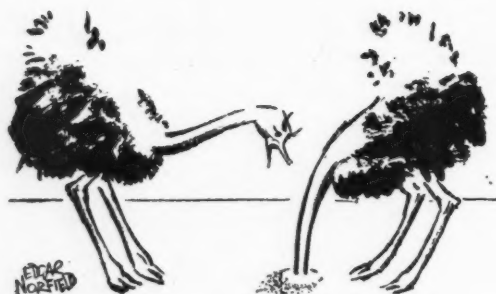
"I hope you'll feel much better to-morrow, but the doctor did say—"

"Nothing that any doctor says can alter my determination in any way whatever. Let that be absolutely clear. I came here to help you, and help you I must and shall, even if I have to drag myself into the kitchen on all fours with a raging fever and this extraordinary unknown germ, that I can't help feeling has something tropical about it, because it isn't at all like an ordinary English illness. But be that as it may, I leave this bed to-morrow morning and help you with the housework, if necessary at the cost of my life."

E. M. D.



"Close the door after you, Fred."



"It's all right, silly—it's one of ours."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Old and New Worlds

UNLIKE most people who write about Europe between the two wars, Lady LISTOWEL, so far from claiming to have watched events with a heart-sinking prescience of what they signified, confesses that for years she had no notion of what it was she was witnessing. This candour gives her memoirs (*This I Have Seen*. FABER, 12/6) a freshness and air of reality lacking in the records of less fallible minds. Her father, a diplomat, belonged to an old Hungarian family, and the author's adventures began at the age of fifteen during the Bolshevik revolution in Hungary. "When the New Authorities decreed that we were to see films exemplifying Free Love," she writes, "my Mama sent me to the country." There she and her companions were sheltered by a small squire who managed to get himself appointed manager of his own estate and in this capacity employed his guests as labourers in his fields.

These and other experiences of the same kind did not depress the author, who was only fifteen, and what she calls her "first encounter with insecurity" did not take place till she visited Germany in 1923 during the inflation period. The spiritless misery of the country, the universal lack of vitality and self-respect, impressed her deeply, but though her eye was caught by a large poster signed Adolf Hitler, no premonition linked this name with Mussolini's. During these years she was at the Hungarian Legation in Rome, and was enthusiastic about Fascism, which had put an end to waiters striking and trains arriving late.

The charm of the book is in its early pages, but there is

much of interest in the chapters which record the author's experiences in England, France and Germany, the United States and Russia. What chiefly struck her in Russia, which she visited in 1936, was the growing spirit of nationalism. Alexis Tolstoy's *Peter the Great* was selling in thousands, and the eradication of the Old Bolsheviks, though she did not realize this at the time, was, she now holds, Stalin's reply to Hitler's attempt to turn dissatisfied revolutionaries into a Fifth Column. A liberal in politics, and a Catholic in religion, she was more impressed than attracted by Russia. Her chief, though by no means uncritical, enthusiasm is for her adopted country, England, and she traces with great insight the gradual change in the English attitude to Hitler. It was, she thinks, the pogrom of November 1938 which convinced the English that Hitler's grievances against the Versailles Treaty were only a pretext for another attempt by Germany to conquer the world; and she ends her book with the belief that the English will somehow work out the twentieth-century revolution in their untheoretical empirical way. H. K.

China Under Way

A compendium of Chinese achievement, civil and military, with a preface by Dr. WELLINGTON KOO, *China After Five Years of War* (GOLLANCZ, 6/-) is the work of many experts under the Chinese Ministry of Information. It tells how the Republican Government came into being, what further constitutional steps are meditated, and which (in a transition stage of national training, both hustled and hindered by the war) can be taken now. It shows reconstruction and resistance proceeding together—the former laying special stress on education, industrialization and agrarian reform. Post-war China, it appears, does not intend to live on the export of raw material. She will welcome surplus machinery and capital and set up her own factories to cope with the amazing natural resources here briefly tabulated. She has, however, no intention of letting industrialism ruin the land. Large estates are to be carved into small-holdings, tenants turned into owners, and encouragement given to those country crafts which enhance the rural earnings of thrifty households. It is a good peace programme—even in its war instalments. And these are the more to be respected when you survey Fighting China's contribution to the Allied cause in the eloquent outline given—reinforced, very naturally, by the reminder that with more equipment the contribution could be greater.

H. F. E.

Chatterton

Cover His Face (COLLINS, 9/6) is welcome as a reminder to read or re-read Chatterton. The author, Mr. NEIL BELL, is so ardent an admirer of the poet that this welcome alone would probably content him. He is, indeed, more partisan than mere admirer, and the quarrel over Horace Walpole's treatment of Chatterton is made to rage furiously again. The novel is consequently not quite fair to Walpole, whose generous recognition of the boy's genius after his death (since it was only then the public heard of him) is ignored; and anyone not a partisan might concede the reasonableness of Walpole's contention that "one is not guilty of the death of every man who does not make one the dupe of a forgery." Nor is Mr. BELL consistent: having made his attack (and allowed his villain only a "sorry immortality" on the strength of one of Chatterton's verses, which is pretty sweeping) he continues: "much had been happening that summer to distract his attention from Walpole." The marvellous boy is provided here with a persuasive development

and a vivid, though overcrowded, background. There are excursions into scenes not in themselves especially relevant but of assistance in expanding and colouring an historical novel for popular taste. The main thing is that Mr. BELL takes his poet seriously and is concerned first of all with the poetry—but his apparent surprise at Chatterton's writing for the ear rather than for the eye is worth noting. As for the boy himself, when all has been explained and accounted for, the poetry read and the character given due allowances for ambition and environment, it seems not unjust, and certainly not poetically unjust, to conclude with Walpole that Chatterton "was an instance that a complete genius and a complete rogue can be formed before a man is of age."

J. S.

Songs of Survival

The gap between King David and Mr. RICHARD CHURCH is that defined by the theologian as the odds between "I believe" and "one rather feels." In *Twentieth-Century Psalter* (DENT, 5/-) the omnipresent reality of David's God gives place to something so tenuous, so seldom glimpsed, so imperfectly credited, that the comparison invoked by its title is an injustice to a timely, eloquent and telling poem. Mr. CHURCH has built himself a shapely ark of contemplation against "the barbaric deluge"—

"The evil of the engine, the tawdry
Safety, the squalor of the mob."

He holds, as against the scientists, that for the purposes of the good life, "the mind has what it had a thousand years ago"; but he underrates the austerity needed to make a valid and fruitful escape from "this century of salesmanship." He curses the radio and listens to it. Yet he too can honestly say "in my meditation a fire shall flame forth"—in a fine sonnet after an air-raid, in a lovely song on the persistence of humble things, in a Miltonic pæan on the responsibilities of solitude. He might soar still higher, less heavily burdened by modernity; but at least he will not grovel—nor his listeners in his company.

H. P. E.

Personality

Sir Stafford Cripps has an unequalled reputation for austerity, yet he gathers picturesque incidents round him as lesser men collect souvenirs. Before he was eighteen he had progressed from driving a four-in-hand to flying a home-made glider. At twenty-two, he was reading a paper before the Royal Society. He entered Parliament as Solicitor-General and later became Leader of the House as a non-party member. His mission to Moscow was startling enough in itself, one might have thought, yet the plane that took him there was struck by lightning on the way. He once travelled to Russia from Chungking wearing, for warmth, lavishly embroidered robes of blue silk buttoned to the ankle. His visit to India is still colourful in memory. PATRICIA STRAUSS, in *Cripps—Advocate and Rebel* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6), suggests energy and ability almost beyond compare, and while doing justice to a sincerity of beneficent purpose that has never been denied, does not attempt to gloss over a certain dangerous lack of suppleness in manner that comes little short of arrogance. Inevitably, perhaps, much of her story is definitely an *ex parte* statement, yet because no man in public life excites more hope for a reasoned advance to a happier world-order than Sir Stafford, this account of his emergence will be read with real attention. The lasting impression it creates is one of satisfaction that England can still produce on occasion a man of wholly exceptional power.

C. C. P.

More Reconstruction

The ideal state of society that Mr. EMANUEL SHINWELL envisages is so essentially similar to what other reformers have been defining now for some considerable time that even a slight excess of fervour on his part can hardly save him from the reproach of platitude. In *The Britain I Want* (MACDONALD, 10/6) he calls for a country free from poverty and unemployment, advancing in education and enlightenment, democratically governed, strong at home and peaceful abroad, healthful, sane and free, and seeing that no one will be found to say him nay, his quota in the national ideal must be assessed mainly on its practical proposals. Here, though he schedules for early reform many matters—transport, education, coal, finance and others—that no doubt are all due for consideration, his contribution seems a little lacking in substance, containing not much of the precise and technical informedness that should show the way to turn true visions into living accomplishment. Mr. SHINWELL has caught the movement of that tide in human affairs that is carrying us beyond our charted boundaries. He is on fire to stimulate the navigators and even, quite understandably, to do a little steering himself.

C. C. P.

Mad World and Many Masters

A reviewer of one of Miss KYLIE TENNANT's previous novels remarked that some of the humorous pictures in it were superior to anything written since Dickens and, certainly, there is something Dickensian in the eccentric characters in *Ride On Stranger* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6). The author has as pretty a bite to her wit too as any contemporary novelist, and this provides a pleasant seasoning throughout her picture of the progress of *Shannon*, youngest daughter of a worker in an Australian butter-factory, from Aunt's help to energetic mover in one of those mushroom Movements that combine politics, religion and drama; then from the Order of Human Brotherhood to the job of demonstrating a patent bean-slicer; from that to a Leninist book-shop, until finally she marries and harks back to butter. One may not altogether believe in *Shannon*, who is a bit too sparkling and horse-sensical to be true, but one is grateful to her for her vitality and the debunking spirit that prevents her from being contaminated by any of the mental and moral infections that ramp around her.

B. E. B.



"News in Norwegian—don't want to listen to that, do we?"

The R.A.F. Goes Hunting

(As reported by Intelligence).

PINK Section, No. 2609 (Hard Riding) Squadron—Squadron-Leader Glycol, D.F.C. and Pilot-Officer Pieter-Head—became horseborne at 1200 hours as part of the escort to strong patrols of the Blankshire Hounds detailed to operate against enemy foxes dispersed in woods, reconnaissance having shown these bases to be much used by the enemy for night raids against our poultry concentrations.

Rendezvous was made according to plan outside Blancaster Hall (Countess of Blancaster leading the Wing), and after a few minor taxying accidents due to brake failure, the formation took off to sweep the Old Copse, our horses above and behind the hounds. Owing, however, to the failure of hounds to observe radio silence, the enemy had warning of our approach, and this operation was uneventful.

A course was then given to Boston Spinney, which was approached in loose formation on a wide front. Here the enemy attempted to decoy our forces by sending out a hare, and hounds were only kept to their primary

target by energetic use of the code word "Yoicks." Next an enemy sortie was reported on the starboard beam, and presently Pink 1 (Squadron-Leader Glycol) identified this as a fox raider. His "Tally Ho!" was heard by Pink 2 (Pilot-Officer Pieter-Head), and both pilots gave chase at full boost, but were unable to close the range before their quarry took evasive action into wood.

Realizing that by this time they were only lightly supported, our pilots rejoined the main formation, and soon another fox was plotted upwind taking a zigzag course. Escorting the hounds single-handed, the Countess herself intercepted this, only to find it was a friendly spaniel. (The failure of training units to inform Operations of practice patrols by these animals has frequently caused interference with the work of our hounds, and disciplinary action should be taken.)

After orbiting for some time another "Tally Ho!" was finally given, and this resulted in an astern chase of several miles. It was in the course of this that Pink 2, who up to now had shown a

praiseworthy eagerness to engage the enemy, had his helmet blown off by the slipstream of the horse in front. Endeavouring to recover this from the cockpit, he lost control and had to bail out, thus failing to take part in the main engagement. His horse was last seen running straight and level, and was later ferried home by a female pilot.

Meanwhile Pink 1 was weaving at economical cruising speed when hounds reported another fox on the port flank. With a shout of "Tally Ho!" Squadron-Leader Glycol put his horse into a steep turn and saw the enemy disappear through a hedge. Squadron-Leader Glycol then put his horse to "gate." It juddered violently, climbed steeply to seven feet, stalled and began to dive; the pilot blacked out and spun into a tree. Regaining the cockpit, he again took off, and bravely continuing the chase, was able to confirm enemy brought down by hounds after a short dog-fight.

All our horses reached base by 1500 hours, and none of our hounds failed to return.



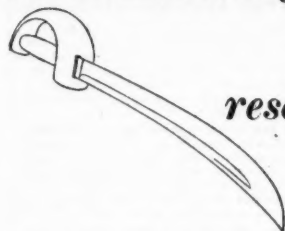
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How does a

Wire Banding Machine



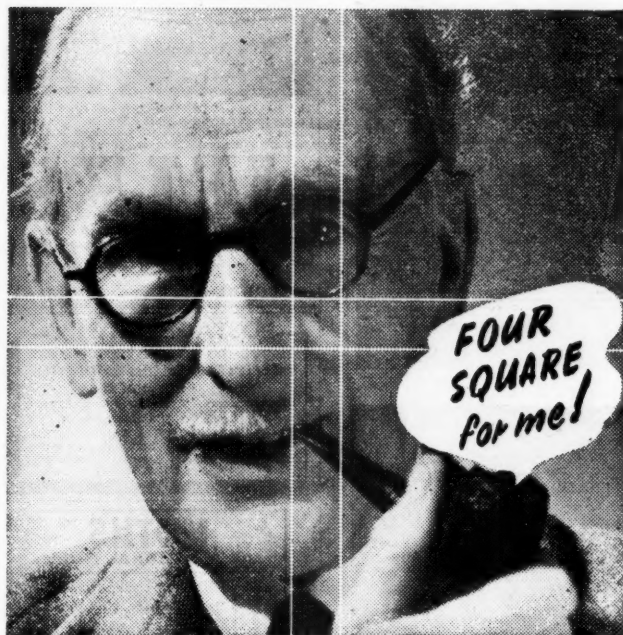
resemble a Cutlass?

A century ago Webleys made ships' cutlasses (among other weapons) and made them very well. Since then, while the tradition of fine workmanship has been retained, Webleys have developed into an engineering organisation serving a variety of industries. Shown above is a Wire Banding Machine produced by Webleys. Another instance, this, of how Webleys' experience in small-arms manufacture is now applied to fine limit work of many kinds.

Webley

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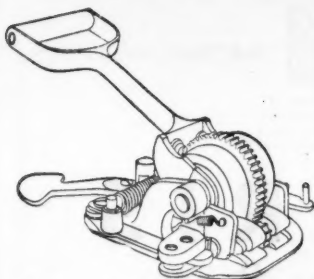
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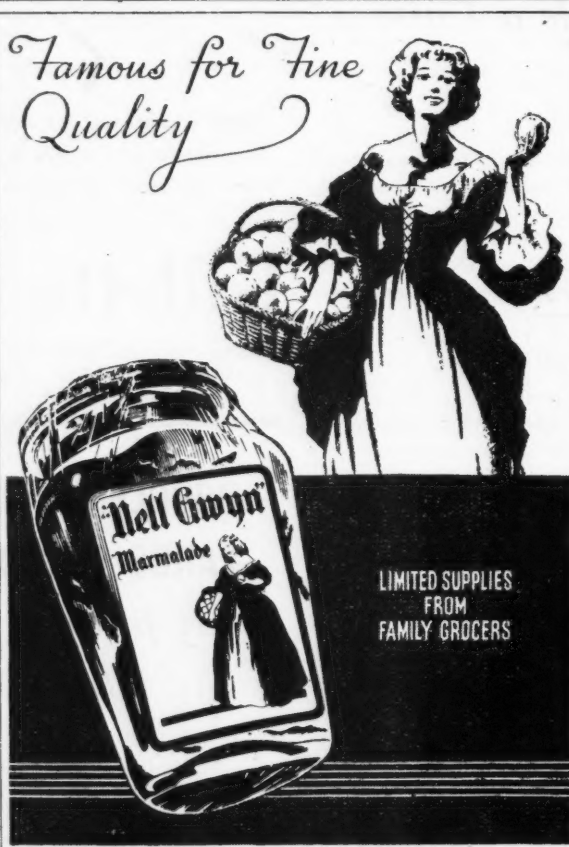


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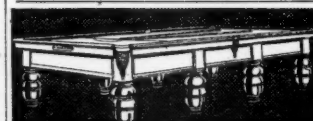
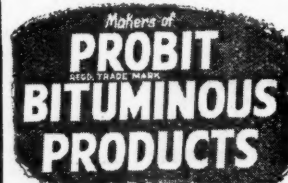
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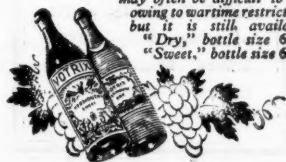
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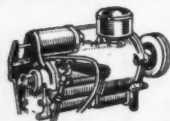
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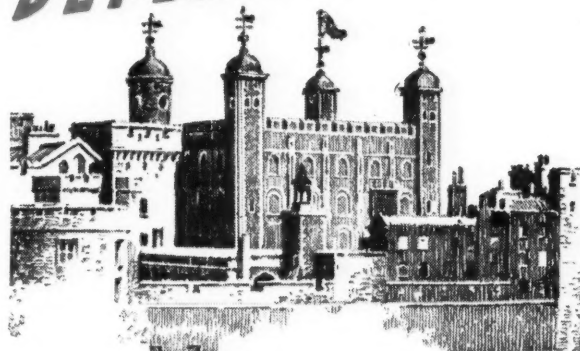
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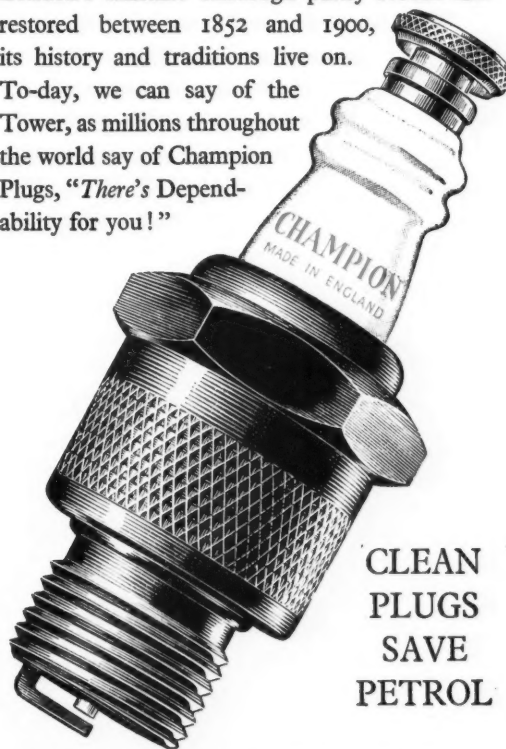
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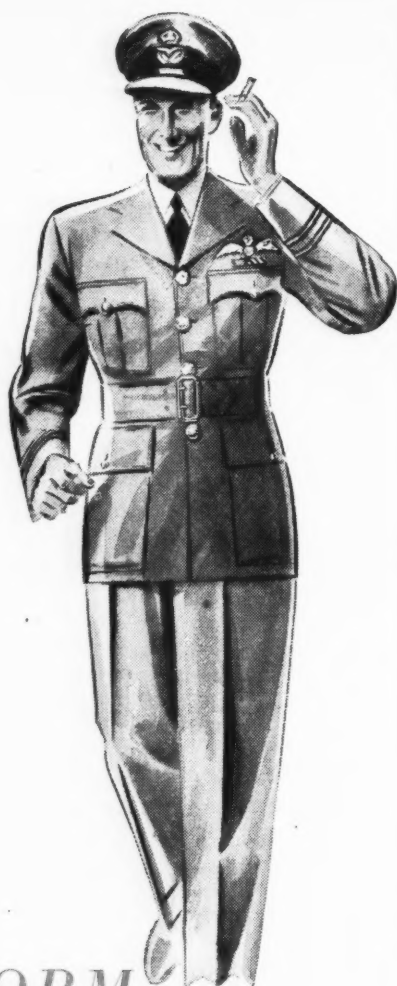
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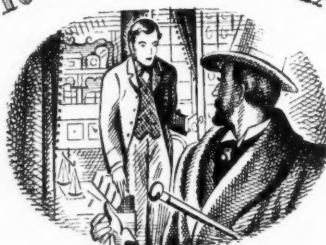
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